THE HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY

Christopher Hogwood *Artistic Director*

ONE HUNDRED SEVENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1989-90

Friday, April 20 at 8:00 p.m.
OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON

Saturday, April 21 at 8:00 p.m.
PEABODY MUSEUM, SALEM

Jeffrey Rink *Conductor*
John McConnell *Architectural Lecturer*

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THE VENETIAN BAROQUE

MONTEVERDI	*S'el vostro cor Madonna* *Se i languidi miei sguardi*
GABRIELI	Canzon prima a 4, *La Spiritata* Canzon seconda a 4
MONTEVERDI	*Laudate Dominum* *Et è pur dunque vero*
GABRIELI	Canzon terza a 4 Canzon quarta a 4
MONTEVERDI	*Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda*

Jayne West *soprano*
Frank Kelley *tenor*
Richard Morrison *baritone*

Kinloch Earle *violin*
Clayton Hoener *violin*
Emily Bruell *viola*
Laura Jeppesen *viola da gamba*
James David Christie *harpsichord*

This program is supported in part by the Boston Arts Lottery Council and the Salem Arts Lottery Council.

At the end of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth, Venice—which styled itself "the Most Serene Republic"—was one of the most powerful, luxurious cities in Europe. Venetian merchants sailed anywhere that Europeans went at all and brought back valuable merchandise for the ornamenting of the city and of its people and for lucrative resale to others. For hundreds of years Venice had existed and flourished, the only large city in Europe that could dispense with walled fortification, protected as it was by the sea, to which the Doge who ruled the city was ceremonially married each year, in symbolic recognition of the source of Venetian power and security.

As the wealth of Venice grew, support for the arts rose along with it. By the end of the Renaissance, Venice had long been one of the major centers of the visual arts. The first music publishers set up shop in Venice, and by 1600 the city was well established as the music-publishing capital of the world. Musical performance was at a high level too, and it was often accessible to the public in performances at the church of St. Mark's, in contrast to other Italian city-states, where the finest musicians were in the private service of dukes and cardinals, rarely heard outside the court.

One of the great glories of Venice at the turn of the century was Giovanni Gabrieli, who held the post of first organist at St. Mark's. He created a substantial body of music for multiple choirs (an established tradition in the church, growing out of its architecture, with two choir lofts, each containing an organ). Gabrieli also composed madrigals, and he was a distinguished teacher, to boot, his most famous pupil being the great Heinrich Schütz. But perhaps his historical place is most securely marked by his music for instrumental ensemble; in this realm he stands at the very beginning of the long European tradition of abstract instrumental music, which leads ultimately to Bach, to Beethoven, and to our own day. Among the earliest works of this type are four canzoni for four unspecified instruments, published in 1608 but almost certainly composed much earlier. In these works, Gabrieli begins to move from the thoroughly contrapuntal style of sixteenth-century music to a more flexible approach, combining imitative sections with melody-and-harmony, which was to become vastly important in the centuries to follow.

In 1613 the post of maestro di cappella at St. Mark's became available upon the death of the incumbent. (Giovanni Gabrieli himself had died the year before.) The procurators of St. Mark's sought the finest musician in Italy. Their choice fell on Claudio Monteverdi, then in Mantua, where he had composed powerfully expressive polyphonic madrigals and two operas, *Orfeo* and *Arianna* (now lost, except for its famous Lament). In Venice, Monteverdi composed extraordinarily vivid and colorful church music and continued to write operas as well. He also composed works that he still called "madrigals," though they were very different from his earlier pieces in that medium. Originally cast for a group of singers without accompaniment, the madrigal had changed under the impetus of the new passion for opera. Composers set the lyric poetry of the day for one or two voices with the accompaniment of basso continuo and occasionally some other instruments. Often a text that had been set many times as a polyphonic madrigal would reappear in a new setting for solo voice. The solo number thus tended to fuse the expressive characteristics of the older madrigal (based usually on elaborate devices of word-painting) with the newer opera (based on a dramatic personification of the singer). One of the most intriguing of these fusions of opera with madrigal is Monteverdi's setting of an entire passage from Tasso's epic poem *Jerusalem Delivered*, set in the first crusade. It tells of the combat between the Christian knight Tancred and the pagan warrior-maid Clorinda, whom Tancred loves but does not recognize until after he has struck a mortal blow. Dying, she pleads to be baptized in the Christian faith. Monteverdi's setting, first performed during the Carnival season of 1624, recounts the event with music of dramatic character, specifically experimenting with different rhythms to capture the emotions of the participants.

Notes by Steven Ledbetter, musicologist and program annotator for the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Handel & Haydn Society was founded in Boston in 1815. A key figure in its founding and early development was Gottlieb Graupner, a professional musician who had played under Haydn in the Salomon Concerts (1791-1792) in London.

Through its publications and performances the Society quickly established itself in the forefront of musical activities in America. By the second half of the nineteenth century it had become a musical force to be reckoned with. Its well-trained amateur chorus of over 400 singers was unsurpassed, the professional musicians in its orchestra some of the best in the country, and its soloists among the most famous in Europe and America.

The advent of permanent professional symphony orchestras in major American cities (New York, 1842; Boston, 1881; Chicago, 1891) soon overshadowed the activities of the venerable Society, and it eventually became best known for its unique history and its annual performances of Handel's *Messiah*, a work it had introduced to America for the first time in its entirety in 1818.

With the appointment of Thomas Dunn as Artistic Director in 1967, the Society gained new life: rigorous attention was paid to standards of performance, and emphasis was placed on authentic performance practices; the amateur chorus was replaced by a smaller professional ensemble, flexible in size, but averaging 34 voices; the repertory was expanded, and innovative programs which included works for chamber orchestra, dance, mime and other art forms were introduced.

The Society's remarkable transformation gained added momentum with the appointment of Christopher Hogwood as Artistic Director in 1986. Under his inspired direction, H&H has extended its emphasis on authentic performance practices to include the formation of a period instrument orchestra, greatly expanded its concert activities in and beyond the confines of Boston, initiated one of the largest in-school music programs in Massachusetts and received critical acclaim for its performances in New England, New York and Chicago, and for its recent recording of Handel's Concerti Grossi, Opus 3, the first of several CDs scheduled for release under a contract with London Records/Oiseau-Lyre.

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JEFFREY RINK
Assistant Conductor

Jeffrey Rink holds degrees in Music Theory and Conducting from the University of Maryland and studied conducting with Charles Bruck at the Pierre Monteux and Hartt Schools of Music.

In 1981 he was named Associate Conductor of the Maryland Handel Festival and Music Director of the Masterworks Chorus and Orchestra Guild in Washington, D.C., which he led until 1986. In February 1986 Christopher Hogwood appointed him Assistant Conductor of the Handel & Haydn Society, prompting his move to Boston. His concerts with H&H have received high praise from the *Boston Globe*, *New Yorker Magazine* and London's *Musical Times*, and he has conducted the Society on several occasions in Symphony Hall.

Mr Rink has recently appeared as a Guest Conductor with the Brockton Symphony Orchestra, the Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra, and the Orquestra Sinfonica de Monterrey in Mexico.

In addition to his work with H&H he is currently Music Director of the New England Philharmonic and the Longy Chamber and Young Performers Orchestras.

S'el vostro cor Madonna

S'el vostro cor Madonna
altrui pietoso tanto
da quel suo degno al mio
non degno pianto,
tal hor si rivolgesse
e una stilla al mio languir ne desse;
forse nel mio dolore
vedria l'altrui perfidia e'l proprio errore
e voi seco direste: "Ah! sapess'io
usar pietà come pietà desio!"

Were your heart, my lady,
so piteous of others,
as merciful to his worthy tears
as to my unworthy ones,
then some time it might take thought,
and devote a tear to my suffering;
perhaps, seeing my grief, it would see
his treachery and its own mistake,
and you would say with it, "Ah! could I but
treat pity as pity treats desire!"

Se i languidi miei sguardi

Se i languidi miei sguardi, se i sospir interrotti, se le tronche parole non han sin hor potuto, o bel idolo mio, farvi de le mie fiamme intera fede: leggete queste note, credete a questa carta, in cui sotto forma d'inchiostro il cor stillai.

If my languid glances, halting sighs, stammering words, have not until now been able, beauteous idol, truly to convince you of my ardor; read these notes, believe these pages, where, in the guise of ink, I have distilled the essence of my heart.

Qui sotto scorgerete quelli interni pensieri che con passi d'amore scorron l'anima mia. Anzi avvampar vedrete, come in sua propria sfera, nelle vostre bellezze il foco mio.

Here in these pages you will discover the hidden thoughts which, with the steps of love, course through my soul. Thus you will see, as though in its own universe, my love burst in flame in response to your beauty.

Non è già parte in voi che con forza invisibile d'amore tutto a se non mi tragga. Altro già non son io che di vostra beltà preda e trofeo.

There is no longer any part of you which does not draw me straight to itself with the invisible forces of love. I am no longer anything but prey and trophy of your conquering beauty.

A vio mi volgo o chiome, cari miei lacci d'oro. Deh, come mai potea scampar sicuro se come lacci l'anima legaste; come oro la compraste voi pur voi dunque sete de la mia libertà catena e prezzo stami miei preziosi, bionde fila divine con voi l'eterna parca sovra'l fuso fatal mia vita torce voi, voi capelli d'oro, voi pur sete di lei ch'è tutto foco mio raggi e faville.

To you I turn, O tresses, my dearest golden snares. Ah, how can I ever escape, if like snares you bind my soul; like gold, you buy it. You, O you are the chain and the price of my freedom. My precious threads, divine blonde web; with you the eternal Fate winds my life on the fatal spindle; you, you golden hair, you, indeed belong to her who is the source of all my fiery ardor, sparks and rays.

Ma se faville sete onde avvien che ad ogni hora contro l'uso del foco in giù scendete? Ah, che a voi per salir scender conviene,

But, O tresses, if you are sparks, how comes it that, against the laws of fire, you constantly stream downwards? Ah, how it suits you to

che a la maggior celeste ov'aspirate, o sfera degli ardori, o paradiso, è posta in quel bel viso?

rise by descending, since the most celestial to which you aspire, either sphere, of love or paradise, resides in that beauteous face?

Cara mia selva d'oro ricchissimi capelli in voi quel laberinto amor intesse ond'uscir non saprà l'anima mia. Tronchi pur morte i rami del prezioso bosco, e de la fragil carne scuota pur lo mio spirito, che tra fronde si belle anco reciso rimarrò prigioniero fatto gelida polve ed ombra ignuda.

O my beloved forest of gold, richest tresses, in you love has woven such a labyrinth from which my soul cannot escape. O Death, cut then the woods of this precious grove, and shake loose then from its fragile flesh my spirit, which, caught amid such beauteous foliage, will remain emprisoned, cold dust and a naked shadow.

Dolcissimi legami, belle mie piogge d'oro, qual hor sciolte cadete da quelle ricche nubi onde raccolte sete, e cadendo formate preziose procelle, onde con onde d'or bagnando andate scogli di latte e rivi d'alabastro, moro subitamente; o miracolo eterno d'amoroso desio! fra si belle tempeste arsi il cor mio!

Sweetest bonds, my beautiful torrents of gold, as you now tumble unloosed from those rich clouds where you are kept pent up, and as you fall collect in exquisite tempests, bathing in gold, wave upon wave, milky crags and streambeds of alabaster, suddenly I die; O miracle of loving desire, amid such a glorious storm my heart still burned!

Ma già l'hora m'invita; o degli affetti miei nuntia fedele, cara carta amorosa che dalla penna ti dividi homai:
Vanne! e s'Amor e'l Cielo cortese ti concede che da begl'occhi non t'accenda il raggio, ricovra entro il bel seno; chi sa che tu non giunga da si felice loco, per sentieri di neve, a un cor di foco?

But now the hour invites me: O faithful messenger of my love, dear love letter, you who leave my pen at this moment;
Go, and if a kind heaven grants it you that the brilliance of her lovely eyes does not set you on fire, shelter between her lovely breasts; who knows if from such a blessed spot you will not arrive, by way of a path of snow, at a heart of fire?

Laudate Dominum

Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes:
laudate eum, omnes populi.
Quoniam confirmata est super nos
misericordia ejus:
et veritas Domini manet in aeternum.
Gloria Patri, et Filio,
et Spritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper,
et in saeculorum.
Amen.

Praise the Lord, all ye nations:
praise Him, all ye people.
For his merciful kindness
is great toward us:
and the truth of the Lord endureth forever.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Spirit.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever
shall be, world without end.
Amen.

Et è pur dunque vero

Et è pur dunque vero,
dishumanato cor, anima cruda,
che cangiando pensiero
e di fede e d'amor tu resti ignuda
d'haver tradito me dati pur vanto
che la cetera mia rivolgo in pianto?

E questo il guiderdone
de l'amorose mie tante fatiche?
Così mi fa ragione
il vostro reo destin, stelle nemiche?
Ma se'l tuo cor è d'ogni fè ribelle,
Lidia, la colpa è tua, non delle stelle.

Beverò sfortunato
gli assasinati miei torbidi pianti.
E sempre adolorato
a tutti gli altri abandonati amanti
e scolpirò sul marmo alla mia fede:
"Sciocco è quel ch'in bella donna crede."

Povero di conforto,
mendico di speranza, andrò ramingo,
e senza salma o porto
fra tempeste vivrò mesto e solingo.
Ne havrò la morte di precipitij a schivo
perchè non può morir chi non è vivo.

Il numero degli anni
ch'al Sol de tue bellezze io fui di neve,
Il colmo degli affanni
che non mi diero mai riposo breve,
insegneranno a mormorar i venti
le tue perfidie, o cruda, e i miei tormenti.
Vivi col cor di giaccio
e l'inconstanza tua l'aura difidi.
Stringi il tuo ben in braccio
e del mio mal con lui trionfa e ridi,
e ambe in union dolce gradita
fabricate il sepolcro alla mia vita.

Abissi, udite
di mia disperazion gli ultimi accenti
da poi che son fornite
le mie gioie e gli amor e i miei contenti–
tanto e'l mio mal, che nominar io voglio,
emulo del inferno, il mio cordoglio.

And then, it is really true,
inhuman heart, cruel spirit,
that, changing your mind,
you prove devoid of faith and love,
that you so boast of your betrayal
that my voice dissolves in tears?

Is this the reward
of all my loving efforts?
Thus does your dark fate
rebuke me, hostile stars?
But if your heart refuses any loyalty, Lidia,
the fault is in you, not the stars.

Luckless, I will drink
my thick and suffocating tears.
And grieving forever after,
for all other betrayed lovers
I shall write my epitaph in marble:
"He is a fool who believes a fair woman."

Wanting for comfort,
beggared of hope, I shall wander,
and without body or resting place
I will live sad and alone in the storm.
Not even the steep cliff can kill me,
for none can die who is not alive.

The number of years that I was
as snow to the Sun of your beauty,
the sum of all the miseries
that never gave me respite,
will teach the winds to whisper your
perfidies, cruel woman, and my torments.
Live on with your icy heart;
shout your faithlessness to the four winds.
clasp your beloved in your arms
and with him laugh and exult over my pain,
and together, sweetly united,
build the sepulchre of my life.

Abysses, hear
the final words of my despair
which then supply
my joys, my love, my happiness;
for my pain is so great that I would thus
describe what is really my hellish grief.

Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda

Words by Tasso
Translated by Denis Stevens

TESTO
Tancredi, che Clorinda un homo stima, vol ne l'armi provarla al paragone. Va girando colei l'alpestre cima ver altra porta ove d'entrar dispone. Segue egli impetuoso; onde assai prima che giunga, in guisa avvien che d'armi suono, ch'ella si volge e grida:

CLORINDA
O tu, che porte, correndo si?

TESTO
Rispose:

TANCREDI
E guerra e morte.

CLORINDA
Guerra e mort 'havrai

TESTO
disse;

CLORINDA
Io non rifiuto darlati, se la cerchi e ferma attende.

TESTO
Ne vol Tancredi, ch'ebbe a piè veduto il suo nemico, usar cavallo, e scende. E impugna l'un l'altro il ferro acuto, ed aguzza l'orgoglio e l'ira accende; e vansi incontro, a passi tardie lenti, quai due tori gelosi e d'ira ardenti.

Notte, che nel profondo oscuro seno chiudeste e nell'oblio fatto si grande, degno d'un chiaro sol, deno d'un chiaro sol, degno d'un pieno teatro, opre sarian si memorande.

TESTO
Tancredi, who thinks Clorinda is a man, wishes to put her to the test as a warrior. She is crossing the steep hill towards the other gate, where she plans to enter. He follows impetuously so that well before reaching her it happens that the clash of his armor makes her turn and cry out:

CLORINDA
What bringest thou in such haste?

TESTO
He replies:

TANCREDI
War and death!

CLORINDA
War and death thou shallt have

TESTO
she says;

CLORINDA
I shall not refuse to give you what you really seek and expect.

TESTO
Tancredi, who had seen that his adversary was on foot, does not want to avail himself of his horse, and so he dismounts. They both draw sharp swords, sharpen their pride and fan their fury, and advance upon each other with slow and heavy steps like two jealous bulls burning with rage.

Night, which in deep dark womb enfolded in oblivion an action so great, worthy of a bright sun, worthy of a full theatre, deeds that will remain memorable.

Piaciati ch'indi il tragga e'n bel sereno alle future età lo spieghi e mande. Viva la fama lor e tra lor gloria splenda dal fosco tuo l'alta memoria. Non schivar, non parar, non pur ritrarsi voglion costor, nè qui destrezza ha parte.

Allow me to bring it thence into the open air, display and give it to future ages. Long live their fame, and amidst their glory let shine from thy gloom the proud memory. They neither shrink back nor parry, they do not even wish to withdraw; here dexterity plays no part.

Non danno i colpi hor finti hor pieni hor scarsi; toglie l'ombra e'l furor l'uso dell'arte. Odi le spade, orribilmente urtarsi a mezzo il ferro; e'l piè d'orma non parte: sempre il piè fermo, e al man sempre in morto; nè scende taglio invan, nè punta a votto. L'onta irrita lo sdegno alla vendetta, e la vendetta poi l'onta rinova; onde sempre al ferir sempre alla fretta stimol novo s'aggiunge piaga nova.

They do not strike blows now feigned now heavy now light; darkness and rage prevent the use of art. Hear the swords, hear, hear the swords horribly clash together in the middle of the blade; their feet move not but stay firm, and their hands always moving. No blow falls in vain, no stab fails to find its mark. Spite incites scorn to revenge, and then revenge renews spite. Wherefore always wounding, always in haste, a fresh goad adds itself, a sore new-opened.

D'hor in hor più si mesce e più ristretta si fa la pugna: e spada oprar non giova; dansi con pomi e infeloniti e crudi cozzan con gli elmi insieme e con gli scudi. Tre volte il cavalier la donna stringe con le robuste braccia; e altrettante poi da quei nodi tenaci ella si scinge, nodi di fier nemico e non d'amante.

From now on they fight harder and do battle at such close quarters that their swords are of no avail. They use hilts both harsh and wicked and butt each other with helmets and with shields. Thrice the knight holds the woman tightly with his powerful arms, and as many times then from these tenacious embraces she frees herself; embraces of a proud enemy, not of a lover.

Tornano al ferro, e l'un e l'altro il tinge di molto sangue: e stanco ed anelante e questi e quegli al fin pur si ritira, e dopo lungo faticar respira. L'un l'altro guarda, e del suo corpo esangue sul pomo della spada appoggia il peso.

They return to their swords and stain each other's blades with much blood. Tired and breathless both at last withdraw and after the long and hare struggle take breath. Each looks at the other, with body drained on hilt of sword sustained.

Già de l'ultima stella il raggio langue sul primo albor chè in oriente acceso. Vede Tancredi in maggior copia il sangue del suo nemico, e se non tanto offeso. Ne gode e insuper bisce.

Already the light of the latest star languishes in the early dawn aflame in the east: Tancredi sees in greater flood the blood of his enemy and himself not so badly wounded. He rejoices in it and is proud.

O nostra folle mente ch'ogni aura di fortuna estolle. Misero di che godi? O quanto mesti siano i trionfi e infelice il vanto! Gli occhi tuoi pagheran s'in vita resti di quel sangue ogni stilla un mar di pianto.

O, our foolish mind which every breeze of fortune raises up! Wretch, why do you rejoice? O, let the triumphs be as sad, and unhappy the boast! Your eyes will shed (if you remain alive) for every drop of this blood a sea of tears.

Cosi tacendo e rimirando, questi sanguinosi guerrier cessaro alquanto. Ruppe il silenzio al fin Tancredi e disse, per chè il suo nome l'un l'altro scoprisse:

Thus silent and gazing at each other these bloody warriors rested for a while. At last Tancredi broke the silence and said (so that each might know the other's name):

TANCREDI
Nostra sventura è benchè qui s'impieghi tanto valor, dove silentio il copra. Ma, poi che sorte rea vien che ci nieghi e lode e testimon degni de l'opra, pregoti se fra l'armi han loco i prieghi che'l tuo nome e'l tuo stato a me tu scopra, acciò ch'io sappia o vinto o vincitore chi la mia morte o la mia vita honore.

TANCREDI
Hard is our fortune (although such bravery is employed here, where silence covers it) but since ill luck comes to deny us both praise and witness worthy of the deed, I pray thee, if prayers have any place in battle, that thy name and condition thou reveal to me, that I may know, vanquished or victor, who honors my death or my life.

TESTO
Rispose la feroce:

TESTO
She answers proudly:

CLORINDA
Indarno chiedi quel ch'ho per uso di non far palese. Ma chiunque io mi sia, tu innanzi vedi un di quei duo che la gran torre accese.

CLORINDA
In vain you seek that which I by habit do not make manifest, but whoever I may be, you see before you one of the two who set fire to the great tower.

TESTO
Arse di sdegno a quel parlar Tancredi,

TESTO
Burning with indignation, at this answer, Tancredi:

TANCREDI
E in mal punto il dicesti, il tuo dir e'l tacer di par m'alletta, barbaro discortese, alla vendetta.

TANCREDI
You speak inopportunely; your words and your silence equally lure me (rude discourtesy!) to revenge.

TESTO
Torna l'ira ne i cori e li trasporta, benchè deboli in guerra a fiera pugna. U' l'arte in bando ù già la forza è morta, ove invece d'entrambi il furor pugna.

TESTO
Rage returns to their hearts and transports them although weak in war, to proud battle. Cunning is banished, strength already dead, where—instead of both—rage fights.

O che sanguigna e spaziosa porta fa l'una e l'altra spada ovunque giugna, nell'armi e nelle carni! e se la vita non esce, sdegno ti enla al petto unita.

O what a bloody and gaping wound does each sword make wherever it pierces the armour and the flesh, and if life does not go, disdain holds it united to the heart.

Ma ecco homai l'hora fatal è giunta, che'l viver di Clorinda al suo fin deve. Spinge e gli il ferro nel bel sen di punta che vi s'immerge, e'l sangue avido beve; e la veste, che d'or vago trapunta le mamelle stringea tenere e lieve, l'empie d'un caldo fiume.

But lo, now the fatal hour has come in which Clorinda's life must end. He thrusts into her bosom the point of his blade so that it is immersed and greedily drinks blood, and the vest which prettily embroidered with gold, clung lightly and tenderly to her breasts, it fills with a warm river.

Ella già sente morirsi, e'l piè le manca egro e languente. Segue egli la vittoria, e la trafitta vergine minacciando incalza e preme. Ella mentre cadea, la voce afflitta movendo, disse le parole estreme, parole ch'a lei nove spirto addita, spirto di fè, di carità, di speme; virtù che Dio l'infonde, e se rubella in vita fu, la vol in morte ancella.

She already feels herself dying, her feet give way, weak and tired. He follows up the victory, and the wounded virgin, menacingly, he presses close. She, while she falls, with afflicted voice speaks her last words, words which a new spirit pointed out to her. Spirit of faith, of charity, of hope, a virtue which God infused in her, and if she were a rebel in her lifetime, in death He wished her a handmaiden.

CLORINDA
Amico, hai vinto, io ti perdon; perdona tu ancora–al corpo no, che nulla pave, all'alma si: deh per lei prega, e dona batesmo a me ch'ogni mia colpa lave.

CLORINDA
Friend, thou hast won, I thee pardon; pardon me too–not this body which fears nothing but my soul. Oh, pray for it, and give me baptism, which washes away all my sin.

TESTO
In queste voci languide risuona un non so che di flebile e soave ch'al cor gli scende, e ogni sdegno amorza, e gli occhi a lagrimar l'invoglia e sforza. Poco quindi lontan nel sen d'un monte scaturia mormorando un piciol rivo. Egli v'accorse e l'elmo empiè nel fonte, e tornò mesto al grande ufficio e pio. Tremar senti la man mentre la fronte non conosciuta ancor, sciolse e scoprio. La vide, e la conobbe; e restò senza e voce e moto. Ahi vista! Ahi conoscenza! Non morigià che sue virtuti accolse tutte in quel punto e in guardia il cor le mise; e premendo il suo affanno, a darsi volse vita con l'acqua a chi col ferro uccise. Mentre egli il suon de sacri detti sciolse, colei di gioia trasmutossi e rise; e in atto di morir lieta e vivace dir parea:

TESTO
In these slow words there sounded something tearful and sweet so that it goes to his heart and extinguishes all disdain, and makes tears come to his eyes. A little way off, in the heart of a hillside there rose murmuring a small stream. He ran up to it and filled his helmet in the fountain and turned sadly to the great and solemn task. He felt a trembling in his hand as he freed that visage not yet known. He uncovered it, saw her, and recognized her. He remained speechless and motionless. Alas, sight! Alas, knowledge! He did not die already, for he gathered all his virtues together in that moment of time and set his heart to guard them, and bridling his grief turned to give life with water, to her whom he killed with his sword. While the sound of the sacred words enfolded her, she was transformed by joy, and laughed; and in the act of dying, happy and joyful, she seemed to say:

CLORINDA
S'apre il ciel io vado in pace.

CLORINDA
Heaven opens, I go in peace.

Jayne West *soprano*

Jayne West has performed with virtually every major professional orchestra in her native Boston, garnering praise by the critics for her pure, lyric voice. Her operatic successes include lead roles in Britten and Stravinsky, and *Newsweek* called her aria in the Pepsico Summerfare *Marriage of Figaro* "the evening's dramatic climax." She has sung with the Opera Company of Boston, Connecticut Grand Opera and Theatre Royal de la Monnaie, among others. In repertoire from Vivaldi to Brahms, she has sung in oratorio and concert with the John Oliver Chorale, Masterworks Chorale, Boston Symphony Orchestra and Brussels Opéra National.

Ms. West trained at the Oberlin and Boston Conservatories and the Tanglewood Music Center; she has been a finalist in the New England Region Metropolitan Opera auditions. This season's schedule included the filming of Peter Sellars's *Marriage of Figaro* in Europe and performances of Bach, Handel and Mahler in the Boston area. She has recorded on Hyperion Records.

Frank Kelley *tenor*

Frank Kelley has spent four seasons with the San Francisco Opera Company, also appearing with the Cincinnati Opera Company, and Glimmerglass Opera Theatre. His appearances in the Peter Sellars productions of *Cosi fan tutte*, *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Das Kleine Mahagony* have met with critical acclaim, and he participated in the 1989 taping of *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Cosi fan tutti* for DECCA CD Video.

Outside of opera, he has sung with the Cleveland Orchestra, the National and New Jersey symphonies and the Mark Morris Dance Company.

His extensive experience performing early and Baroque music include appearances with the Boston Camerata, Sequentia, Banchetto Musicale, the Bach Ensemble, and the Boston Museum Trio. He has also performed in a number of prestigious festivals including Pepsico Summerfare, Nakamichi, New England Bach Festival and the Boston Early Music Festival. Mr. Kelley has recorded for Decca/London, Erato and Arabesque.

Richard Morrison *baritone*

Richard Morrison made his professional debut in 1985 performing Bach's B Minor Mass with the Handel & Haydn Society; since then he has appeared with the Cantari Singers of Ohio, the Little Rock Baroque Festival and the Boston Ballet. He has also performed with the Basel Schola Cantorum, the Early Music Institute of Indiana University and the Boston Camerata, and at the Boston Early Music, Tanglewood and Aspen Festivals.

Mr. Morrison, originally from northern California, received his Artist Diploma from Boston University, becoming the first singer to be honored with that institution's Kahn Career Entry Award. His past teachers include Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, Thomas Binkley and Phyllis Curtin. Winner of the 1989 Washington International Com-petition, he was this year a regional finalist in the Metropolitan Opera Auditions. The Boston Camerata's Erato recording of *Tristan et Iseult*, featuring Mr. Morrison as King Mark, won a Grand Prix du Disque in 1989.

John McConnell *Architectural Lecturer*

A native of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, John McConnell is the principal of his own architecture firm in Winchester, Massachusetts specializing in residential and small-scale design. He is adjunct professor of American architectural history at Boston College and a lecturer in architectural history at Harvard University's Graduate School of Design.

He was awarded an A.B. degree in English by Michigan State University, followed in 1976 by the Master in Architecture degree from Harvard University. The ensuing twelve years of professional practice for various firms in Boston included such accomplishments as the design of the Fye Chemical Laboratory for the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution and the award-winning renovation of the Old South Church at Copley Square (both for Shepley Bulfinch Richardson and Abbott), as well as Cityfair, a large festival marketplace in the center of Charlotte, North Carolina (for Lane, French-man & Associates).

THE ONE HUNDRED SEVENTY-FIFTH SEASON CONCLUDES

SYMPHONY HALL SERIES

HANDEL ***Acis and Galatea***
(Mozart orchestration, K. 566)
Sunday, April 29 at 3:00 p.m. and Friday, May 4 at 8:00 p.m. at Symphony Hall, Boston.
Christopher Hogwood, conducting; the H&H chorus and period orchestra with
Lynne Dawson, soprano; John Mark Ainsley and Nico van der Meel,
tenors; and Michael George, bass

CHAMBER & NORTH SHORE SERIES

BACH
Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 in D Major, BWV 1050
Concerto in C Major for two harpsichords and strings, BWV 1061
Orchestral suite in B Minor for flute and strings, BWV 1067
Concerto in C Minor for two harpsichords and strings, BWV 1062
Saturday, May 5 at 8:00 p.m. at Peabody Museum, Salem.
The H&H period ensemble with James David Christie and John Finney, harpsichords

TICKETS

Tickets are now on sale at Ticketron Phone Charge, (617) 720-3434 or (800) 382-8080 seven days a week, and at the H&H box office (see address, phone and hours below). Symphony Hall Series tickets are $35, $28, $21 and $14; Peabody Museum tickets are $15.

ANNOUNCING HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY'S 1990 SUMMER SERIES

BACH ***A Musical Offering***
Tuesday, July 17 at 7:00 p.m.
The H&H period ensemble with Christopher Krueger, flute

Wind Music of Bohemia
Program to include Mozart's Divertimento in F Major
Tuesday, July 24 at 7:00 p.m.
Principal wind players of the H&H period orchestra

MOZART
String quintet in B Flat Major
Quartet in E Flat Major for oboe and strings
Divertimento in E Flat Major for string trio
Tuesday, July 31 at 7:00 p.m.
The H&H period ensemble with Steven Hammer, oboe, and Daniel Stepner, violin

TICKETS

Subscriptions to the 1990 H&H Summer Series are $37 and $32 and are available through the H&H box office. Single tickets for individual Summer Series concerts are $18, $15 and $10 and go on sale on July 1. Student/senior rush tickets are $7, on sale one hour before each concert to those with valid identification.

The Handel & Haydn Society box office is located at 295 Huntington Avenue, Boston 02115. Hours are Monday–Friday, 10 a.m. – 6 p.m. in Room 202, phone (617) 266-3605.